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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

GOD AND MAN

Fear Not

At old Thermopylæ's storied pass,
A trembling warrior to Leonidas
Brought word, "My captain we are lost:
The mailed enemy draws near."
"Courage," cried out the chief. "Be theirs the cost:
Are we not near them, too? Then let *them* fear."
When on life's field your own heart shakes,
Remember that the foeman's also quakes.

From the Nautilus —*Edwin Markham.*

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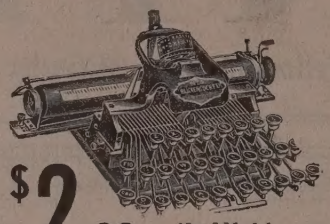

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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVII. THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1916. NUMBER 11.

A SPRING DAY.

Painter!
Take your brush
And stretch your canvas taut—
A dash of green! A little blue—
Some rose—and over all
Spread thick the gold!
Throw in a laugh—a song—
And you have done.

G. E. SOLLITT.

We gladly make room for an appreciation of Dr. Theodore B. Sachs by Judge Julian W. Mack, taken from the May number of *Life and Labor*. Nothing more tragic has occurred in Chicago for many months than the death of this highly sensitive, overworked man, whose brilliant intellect was matched by his consecrated spirit. Here is another splendid American, borne to our shores on that, in some quarters, much dreaded tide of "the off-scourings of Europe."

A correspondent calls for a more exact interpretation of the word "pretentious," used by us in connection with the *Journal of Negro History*, mentioned in our issue of April 20th. We really do not know what meaning we can claim for the word. Now that our attention is called to it, it was probably the wrong word. Whatever we meant, we meant something complimentary. Probably "ambitious" was the word we ought to have used. Perhaps we were thinking of the makeup, the form, when we stumbled on the unfortunate word. The magazine in question is a good looking piece of printing as well as being laden with good reading matter.

In a recent editorial note we called attention to the fact that much of the heroic work for Peace in these days must needs be carried on by individuals. Our attention has been called to a brave endeavor of this kind by a little California girl, Thelma Juanita Gates, 1957 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, who has started out by her own correspondence to raise a Peace fund. To a mutual friend she writes, "I am sending out hundreds of letters all over the world and I hope to be successful in raising a fund that will equal the battleship fund, and be a greater blessing to humanity. Three papers have taken it up on this coast already and I hope to find many more that will help me." Bless the child. God speed her work and may her spirit spread.

In our issue of April 6 we asked the authorship of these lines:

From out what silent land
I came on earth to stand
And learn life's little art
Is not in me to say:
I know I did not stray,—
Was sent, to come my part.
And down what silent shore
Beyond yon little door
I pass, I cannot tell.
I know I shall not stray,
Nor ever lose the way,
Am sent and all is well.

which had drifted anonymously into our editorial hands. The inquiry made the "author laff" and the "editor blush," to cover his confusion. He repeats the question: "How many of our readers can locate these lines," and locating them, will take the trouble to let us know? No guessing, but knowledge.

Now that Germany has indicated at least a disposition to consider a peace proposition, it is timely that Mr. Asquith's much quoted and misconstrued declaration should receive his own interpretation. It should be exploited in large type on the front page of every newspaper in America. In a recent address before the French trade delegates, alluding to his statement that "war should continue until the last man and the last farthing,—if such were necessary,—to destroy Prussian militarism." Here is a much needed and welcome commentary:

As a result of the war we intend to establish the principle that international problems must be handled by free negotiation on equal terms between free people and that this settlement should no longer be hampered or swayed by the overmastering dictation of a government controlled by military caste.

That is what I mean by the destructon of the military domination of Prussia—nothing more, but nothing less.

The approaching meeting of the League to Enforce Peace, in Washington, is to be a meeting that will command wide attention. While the writer was one of those who voted against the introduction into the title of the word "Enforce," at the Philadelphia meeting of a year ago, we still have great interest in the meeting, if for no other reason than that it commits a large number of leading men in politics and business

to some kind of a peace program. The emphatic words in the title are "League" and "Peace." Where the League is formed the necessity of enforcing the same by brute force will be largely removed. Notwithstanding lurid rhetoric to the contrary, the world is to be pacified not by a combination of arms but a combination of diplomacy. The much abused "scraps of paper" still represent the hope of the world. Anything that will introduce patience, candor and the "come let us reason togetherness" between nations makes war less probable if not impossible.

Nothing is more saddening to the humanitarian, the lover of art and science, the friend of literature, than the marred perspective of journalism in these days. Even our would-be balanced *Current Opinion,* which seeks to note the triumphs of the world with impartial eye, gives twenty pages out of the sixty at its disposal in the May issue to the discussion of war problems. Even then it has no space or time to give much attention to the incidental troubles in Europe. It is so distorted with Roosevelt, Funston, Pershing and the Mexican trouble. We hope the readers of this valuable exchange will not stop with the first twenty pages, for there has been something doing in the realm of science, religion, social ethics, literature, art and the business world. We would modestly suggest to our contemporaries a re-arrangement of its interesting periodical. Give to these higher interests the leading pages and the more conspicuous type, and print the other material in smaller type at the end of the magazine, for surely they deal with passing events and any serious fundamental discussion of the same is impossible. The facts are not all in yet.

Next week the Western Unitarian Conference will meet in its Sixty-fourth Annual Meeting in St. Louis, dividing its meetings between the Church of the Messiah and the Church of the Unity. Tuesday afternoon, May 16, will be given to a Religious Education Session with the following interesting program:

"The Service: Its Value and Place in the Sunday School," Miss Lilla Newhall Breed, Louisville, Ky.

"The Constructive Elements of Religious Education," Rev. Henry H. Burch, Bloomington, Ill.

"Religious Education of Young People of College Age," Rev. Albert R. Vail, Urbana, Ill.

In the evening the Conference Sermon will be preached by Dr. John D. Reid of St. Paul. On Wednesday, the 17th, the morning session will be given to a consideration of "Essential Religion."

"The Unitarian and Other Liberal Religious Movements," Rev. E. Burdette Backus, Lawrence, Kan.

"The Sympathy of Religions," Rev. Samuel Sale.

"The Communion of Saints," Rev. James W. Lee, D. D. Discussion.

In the evening there will be a platform meeting addressed by the Rev. Lewis G. Wilson of Boston and Prof. J. W. Hudson of the University of Missouri. Of course there will be luncheons, automobile rides, visits to the wonderful Missouri Botanical Gardens to fill up the days with fellowship as well as discussion.

Nothing is more indicative of the change of attitude on the part of national guardians and the aspirations of statesmen than the rapid, the almost unconscious change of activities of the United States in regard to the treatment of its so-called "Dependencies." It has made Havana one of the cleanest and most sanitary cities of the world, and then withdrew. It triumphed at Panama, where the French failed, not through superior engineering skill, but because it changed the most dirty, deadly of zones into the most sanitary. The *Review of Reviews* for May has an illuminating article entitled "The Philippine Health Miracle," which tells briefly the triumph of Dr. Victor G. Heiser and his associates who have made Manila "a city without odors," not only the "cleanest but the most beautiful city in the Orient and one of the healthiest in the world." In those islands where once ravaged smallpox and cholera, carrying off 40,000 victims of the former and 128,000 victims of the latter in one year, ten million Filipinos have been vaccinated without a single death. This is the new campaigning, the higher patriotism, and what has been carried on so successfully under military patronage is eventually to be carried on more successfully by pacific combinations backed by international support.

A Perverted Press

The boast of America that it leads the world in journalism, and the claim of Chicago that in this land of great newspapers it publishes the "greatest American newspaper," which of course means the greatest newspaper in the world, are curiously challenged by the undeniable attempt of the great dailies not to reflect the whole life of the day, but to edit it before it appears, with a relentlessness unparalleled by the censors of the monarchical Powers of Europe. They persistently blue pencil whatever deliverances on platform, in pulpit or pamphlet that present the profound movement in America today towards international peace, away from the "preparedness" that means more battelships and more guns, and towards the "preparedness" that means more enlightened development of our national resources and the development of our international relationships.

We will not at this time attempt to discover the source of this ominous conspiracy of silence, this determination to controvert by ridicule, preversion of facts and misleading scarelines the attitude and utter-

ances of many of the leading men in the pulpit, at the bar and on the bench.

There is an ominous censorship of the press, a far-reaching attempt to neutralize by silence earnest and noble men and women. This has intimidated even the peace societies into a policy of postponement, a suspension of the discussion of peace problems until peace comes, and the great opportunity is lost.

But this autocracy of the press, this conspiracy unconfessed, perhaps unconscious, by the parties involved, is a short range boomerang which promptly flies back in the face of this—what shall we call it?—autocracy, aristocracy, plutocracy, or government by the printer's devil. The result is that the American people are fast learning to distrust and dismiss the much boasted "leadership of the press." Witness the unparalleled revolt of Michigan and Nebraska against all the newspapers and political forces. These states rolled up a majority in the preferential vote for President to Henry Ford, a man who does not want it, who did not seek it, but who does stand for an aggressive peace policy. We believe that if a fair opportunity was offered today for a preferential vote on its merits, it is quite probable that Henry Ford would carry off all the North Middle Western States, and every vote cast for Ford would be cast in the interest of peace as the supreme cause, and as a protest to the newspapers who have so assiduously devoted themselves to the misinterpretation of the great pacific currents that are sweeping irresistibly towards internationalism. The present hysteria concerning our national danger, the panic for more soldiers and more battleships, will pass. It is to be doubted whether it will travel much beyond Congress and the boastful newspaper world. For after the Army Bill is passed asking for 300,000 soldiers, more or less, the problem of finding the soldiers will be still on hand.

Another straw, which indicates the real current, floated into Chicago last Sunday night when William Jennings Bryan and Scott Nearing were greeted by an intelligent and enthusiastic multitude which filled the great Auditorium from bottom to top while they discussed the fundamental questions of peace. Of course there were no display lines in the next morning papers to set forth the fact that four thousand or more people were delighted and many others turned away. One of these great dailies who boasted it contained three pages of sporting news that morning, did find room for a few inches of space to say that Mr. Bryan did speak to an audience that crowded the Auditorium Theater, on ways of avoiding the great war. And to encourage this attempt at impartial journalism we make room for the *Herald's* report of this meeting:

Whether or not this country should enter on a program of preparedness should be decided by a general referendum of the people and not by their representatives in Congress. The present war debt of the nations is greater than the total of all those which have come down from all the wars in history.

I do not agree with those who speak harshly of the President. He merely is misled by the munitions makers, speaking through the subsidized press.

The greatest fallacy of the ages is the fallacy of peace by terrorism.

Great questions of nations are determined by the same principles as govern the little questions.

The miltary expert, the professional soldier, stands just where he stood 2,000 years ago. He cannot see how sickness of the head can be cured without cutting the head off; how disease of the heart may be cured without stopping the beatings of that heart.

We have spent more for our navy in the last fifteen years than any other nation in the world, save Great Britain.

I believe in millions for defense. I believe every man in America would lay down his life cheerfully if this country were attacked; but I would not like to see a single American boy follow the colors of a king in his quarrel with other kings.

Pausing every few moments to deliver attacks upon "a subsidized press, owned and operated by the makers of munitions, who make their money out of war," he vigorously assailed the preparedness movement. He said three factors are responsible for what he termed the "jingo propaganda"—manufacturers of munitions, professional militarists and corporations employing large numbers of workers.

He eulogized Henry Ford for his peace expedition and said the derision of the press had not affected Ford's standing with the nation.

"After it was all over," he shouted, "the people of the country were impressed with the fact that what we need more than anything else is peace. They went out to vote for peace and they called it Henry Ford."

Another paper reluctantly yields space to a report:

William Jennings Bryan, speaking last night before a crowd that packed the Auditorium Theater, aroused cheer after cheer by vigorously attacking the preparedness movement and by declaring that war with Germany over the submarine question would be foolish and criminal.

The meeting recalled to many the sessions of the Friends of Peace held several months ago at which Mr. Bryan was a speaker. Herbert J. Friedman, an attorney, who engineered the affair, asserted, however, the meeting must not be confused with pro-German propaganda. Besides Mr. Bryan the other speakers were Prof. George B. Foster of the University of Chicago and Prof. Scott Nearing of the University of Toledo, both of whom deprecated any approach to war or preparation for war by the United States.

No admission was charged and there were several hundred persons who could not get in. An "offering" was taken up.

The purpose of the gathering, as set forth by Mr. Friedman, was threefold:

First, to protest against embroiling the United States in war on account of Germany's submarine methods.

Second, to protest against one man exercising a power equivalent to declaring war.

Third, to urge a conference of neutral nations to bring about peace.

To all of these principles Mr. Bryan subscribed. He said only through public speaking these days is it possible for those who see the truth, including himself, to bring it before the public.

His attitude toward President Wilson was that of "do not be too harsh on him; remember he is human." If it were not for the "misrepresentations of the munitions controlled and war mad newspapers," according to Mr. Bryan, the President would follow a more acceptable course.

"I do not agree with those who speak harshly of the President," Mr. Bryan said, and this was met with applause. "It is entirely possible to assume that he has been misled as to the sentiment of the nation."

"There is no doubt of it," shouted a man in the gallery.

"He can't get the sentiment of the people," continued the former Secretary of State, "from a press controlled by those who make money out of war.

"There is a conspiracy in this country to foist on the nation the false philosophy that brought Europe into war.

We are not inviting contest in preparedness, but it is being forced on us by the manufacturers of munitions who control the press, by the militarists, the professional soldiers, and finally by the employers of labor, who want a bigger army to overawe the workers.

"It is the duty of the people to speak out against the outrageous demands of the subsidized press and urge the President not to yield any more than he has.

"There is absolutely no necessity for going to war over the submarine question. The time has come when, instead of sending ultimatums, we should propose to the world there is nothing final among friends, and we ought to negotiate on that basis till we settle the controversy."

Even if we sever diplomatic relations with Germany, Mr. Bryan felt there was still hope of maintaining peace. One scheme he has in mind is the application of his well known treaty plan and the other is to postpone final settlement till the war is over.

Probably Mr. Bryan's most novel suggestion in the way of bringing about peace involves turning over to belligerent nations a part of the money we should otherwise spend for preparedness, thus indicating our friendship and thus reinforcing our appeal.

Mr. Bryan asserted the people are against war with any European nation on the basis of circumstances that so far have arisen. He insisted the time has come to transfer from Congress to the people by means of the initiative and referendum the power of declaring war.

"Let us also submit," he added, "the question whether in a time like this a citizen of the United States should be permitted to jeopardize his nation by going deliberately into the war zone."

Prof. Nearing spoke in a Socialistic vein and received warm applause.

"We say we are supporting the allies for humanity," he said, "but it is for profit. We're making munitions because it pays. For thirty pieces of silver we are selling our common brotherhood."

TREES.

Elm trees
and the leaf the boy in me hated
long ago—
rough and sandy.

Poplars
and their leaves,
tender, smooth to the fingers,
and a secret in their smell
I have forgotten.

Oaks
and forest glades,
heart aching with wonder, fear:
their bitter mast.

Willows
and the scented beetle
we put in our handkerchiefs;
and the roots of one
that spread into a river:
nakedness, water and joy.

Hawthorn,
white and odorous with blossom,
framing the quiet fields
and swaying flowers and grasses,
and the hum of bees.

Oh, these are the things that are with me now,
in the town;
and I am grateful
for this minute of my manhood.

—*F. S. Flint.*

In this age the noble soul renders itself unto God, and awaits the end of this life with much desire; and to itself it seems that it goes out from the inn to return to the Father's mansion; to itself it seems to have come to the end of a long journey and to have reached the City; to itself it seems to have crossed the wide sea and to have returned into the port.

Dante.

Dr. Theodore B. Sachs

Dr. Theodore B. Sachs died as he had lived, for his fellowmen. Over a quarter of a century ago he came to Chicago, a Russian Jewish immigrant, a type of the great mass of such immigrants, escaping from a land of political and religious oppression to a land of liberty and opportunity.

And like the vast majority of these immigrants, he brought with him the deepest love of American ideals, a most ardent passion to use American opportunities not for self-advancement but for the service of humanity.

He had studied law in Russia and at first intended to become an American lawyer. After a few months, however, he decided to become a physician because, as he then said, he believed that in this profession he could be of more use to others.

No physician appreciated more keenly than he the need of a thoroughgoing study of social and industrial conditions of labor, the right of the workman to light and air and the highest measure of security from accidents and occupational diseases, to a wage that will enable him to raise his family in accordance with the American ideals, to such restrictions on the hours of labor as will prevent the evils resulting from overfatigue and will give that minimum of leisure essential to the citizens of a democracy.

He worked incessantly with others to secure these ends because, as a physician, he knew that many diseases, especially tuberculosis, would thereby be checked in their destructive progress, because he hoped that thereby they might in time be completely eradicated.

And in the meantime, almost completely neglecting his private practice and the advancement of any selfish ends, he gave practically all of his time and thought to the important palliative and curative measures which must be taken until the more radical, preventive steps shall be made possible.

At Winfield, at Edwards Sanatorium, and finally at Chicago's great Municipal Sanatorium, he devoted himself not only to the healing of the sick, but still more to instructing them how to live so that they might not be responsible for further spreading the disease.

Here in the service of his fellows his highest ambitions were realized. And when from the loftiest motives he felt himself compelled in self-respect to resign the presidency of the great public institution that was essentially the child of his thought and love and energy, the great world seemed dark and empty. Not even the tremendous public demonstration of confidence and esteem could bring him cheer.

Ever a valiant soldier of humanity, he was too weary to fight his personal enemies.

Chicago never had a more devoted, conscientious and honest public servant. That his memory will be vindicated against the insinuations which made his load too heavy to bear, is the confident certainty of all who knew him. That in the Municipal Sanatorium the work, so finely begun by him, may be continued in his spirit, free from every pernicious influence, is the confident hope of all whose belief in the ultimate triumph of a true democracy in American life still persists.

Life and Labor for May. *Julian W. Mack.*

THE PULPIT

Some Christian Pathfinders to International Peace

IV.

Thomas à Kempis—The Road of Religion

WORSHIP.

Sermon Preached April 9, 1916, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

In our weakness we would rest in Thy strength, in our hatreds we would find Thy love, in our ignorance we would seek Thy wisdom; in our loneliness we would find companionship with Thee, Infinite Nearness, ever present Order, dominating Law, conquering Love. Thou who hast worked through all the ages, who holdest sway through all changes and dost abide ever in our hearts, dost answer our crying and meet our wants before we realize them, we pray thee to strengthen, sweeten and comfort us, and guide us in the paths of peace and the ways of love forevermore. Amen.

Would you follow the lines of reason as well as of love across the boundaries of kingdoms and nations; would you follow along the road of sense, good "common sense," across the boundary lines of denominations and creeds and forms; would you nurse the feeling that you are a citizen of the world and that all men are brothers, then travel the worship road, study the altars of humanity, acquaint yourself with the liturgies of all religions, kneel in prayer with the devout of all professions. This will bring you into that internationalism of which I have been speaking in these Lenten talks as the quest of the ages, the demand of science, the claim of Christianity, the achievement of civilization and, heaven knows, so far as it is civilized, the agonized need of our day and age. Today we will study the faith of the humblest, most obscure in his spirit, most inadequate in his record of all the lights that illuminate what we sometimes call the Dark Ages.

The end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth centuries were indeed troublesome days in Europe. We seek in vain in our books for a map of those days, for political boundaries were so uncertain and national limits were so constantly changing that the geographer is baffled in trying to make a map of the Europe of that time. War, senseless and relentless war, disturbed the devotions and confused the saints of that era. The Black Death had devastated the cities. The church was in a turmoil and three Popes were contending one with the other for the supremacy on earth of the Lord's kingdom,—one enthroned in Rome and another at Avignon, while a third was trying to establish himself at Ravenna. The bones of Wycliff had been dug up forty years after his death and burned and the ashes cast into the brook that bore them to the sea. His pupils, John Huss and Professor Jerom of Prague, had been more successful in securing the martyr's crown at Constance. The headquarters of the Greek Church had fallen under the sway of Mohammedan invaders, and the Cross and Crescent were engaged in deadly conflict, with the chances against the Cross.

If there was a quiet nook in Europe at that time it probably was in the little hamlet of Kempen in rustic Holland, fifteen miles away from the nearest considerable city, Düsseldorf. The humble home of John and Gertrude Hamerkin, or Hammerlein, probably realized all the serenity possible in those dark and troublesome days. John earned a comfortable living by patching shoes, finding time on his bench for meditation and communion, as so many other cobblers have done, and Gertrude eked out the family purse by keeping a Dame School, where she taught little children their alphabets and their manners for a penny a day each. Two children were born into the home of this cobbler, John and Thomas. To add to the beauty of this quiet retreat, the family had heard of John Tauler, possibly had listened to him and had come under the spell of his democratic gospel. Tauler not only preached in simple words the gospel story so that peasants could understand him, but, a more difficult thing, he lived it. For, when the Black Death came and the panic emptied the city of Strasburg, John Tauler held his course and staid to minister to the living and bury the dead. The elder brother in the Hammerkin family, John, early betook himself to the "Brotherhood of the Common Lot," a sort of Salvation Army organization of the fourteenth century; "little Tommy," always "little Tommy," devoted to books, begged to be allowed to go to his brother's school when but thirteen years of age. There he got a little Latin, a little Greek, a little mathematics, but more leisure to copy the books that were the treasures of the schools and the monasteries. He acquired the highest skill as a copyist. He knew no other destiny than that of transcribing Bible, hymn books, prayer books, documents and what not. His hand grew in cunning, as there was plenty of work for this humble artist Brother, and he remained a copyist to the last days of his ninety-seven years.There is afloat a fascinating story of a beautiful copy of the Bible transcribed by his hand and believed to be still in existence, the priceless property of some unknown monastery. At nineteen Thomas had entered the Convent of St. Agnes. He was twenty-seven before he consented to the conventional dedication of a monk, and thirty-three when he was ordained a priest, whose functions he never assumed. At forty-five he was sub-prior of his little monastery, but he had no head for business, his accounts got mixed up and he begged to be relieved of any executive responsibility. And so they let him go back to his table to copy, copy, copy to the end of his life. In the pursuit of his business he compiled little "scrapbooks," after the manner of our own Frances Lester, from the books that he transcribed, from the authors he loved, from the wise sayings that were current, and from his own reflections. Of the books he thus compiled we have the titles, but nothing more. According to tradition they were mainly compiled for young people, for boys and girls. Here are some of the fascinating titles: "The Garden of Roses," "The Valley of Lilies," "Consolations of the Poor and the Sick," "The Hospital of the Poor," "The Monks' Alphabet," "The Discipline of the Cloister," "On Silence," "On Poverty," "On Humility," "On Patience," etc. These he hoped might serve his time, as they doubtless did, but they have passed away. But the little consolations of his study, the confidences of the portfolio, in which he wrote from time to time his own meditations and reflections, a

joyful task to which he often retired from company, have survived. When the conversation grew idle and flippant he would say, "You must excuse me, I have an engagement with a friend," and the friend was his pen, with which he indited his thoughts in this book which was written primarily to God, for he wrote out of his own heart to the heart of the Infinite. Incidentally this little book came to be, next to the Bible, the greatest seller ever written, if we may accept the statistics of the book dealers. It has been translated into more languages and published in more editions, it is said, than any other book that has fallen from the hand of man, except the Jewish and Christian scripture. Poor book; it was at first poorly appreciated, it early lost the title assigned to it, it has always been compelled to carry a title that did not in any way describe it or belong to it, and doubtless has been a handicap to it, and the order of its contents has been confused in most of the English editions. And still it is a deathless little book. It is a book so wanting in local color that it will fit in any country and appeals to all ages, ministering alike to saints and sinners, a book so free from theological characteristics and dogmatic implications that it is loved alike by Protestant and Catholic and cherished by intelligent Mohammedans, who say it is the most precious book in the world after the Koran. It contains no body of laws, no system of ethics, no prophetic discourses for any class or for any period of life, but it reaches the depths of the human heart because it reflects the experiences of a soul in the privacy of the Eternal. To read the titles of the chapters into which it has subsequently fallen, but which the author probably scarcely formulated, is to understand something of the sercret of its power,—"Of Imitating Christ and Scorning all the World's Vanities," "Humble Thoughts of Self," "Truth's Teaching," "Prudence in what we have to do," "Reading Holy Writ," "Unbridled Longings," "Flight from Vain Hopes and Boastful Pride," "Beware of being too Familiar," "Obedience and Subjection," "Shunning Excess in Talk," "How to Gain Peace," "Earnestness upon our Way," "The Uses of Adversity," "Meeting Temptations," "Shun Passing a Rash Sentence upon Man," "Deeds Done in Charity," "Bearing with the Weaknesses of Others," "Life in the Monastery," "Examples set us by the Holy Fathers," "The Duties of a Good Man in a Brotherhood," "Love of Solitude and Silence," "Heart-Sorrow," "Thoughts on the Misery of Man," "Musing on Death," and so on, some twenty-five titles in the four sections of the book. Open it anywhere and it appeals to you. Read it backward and you are edified. Open it in hours of sorrow or care, when you are tired and when you are resting, when in joy or in despair, by the cradle or the coffin side, and you will understand the secret of its popularity and rejoice in the selective instinct of the human soul that, after all, chooses the best thing, neglects the least valuable, destroys the cheap and the poor, turns away from that which does not feed.

This little book, then, invites us to follow into the secret source of its power.

The first element, I would say, of this power is its catholicity. Men and women of every race, orthodox, heterodox, Christian and pagan, are alike torn with human passions, distraught with human weaknesses, tortured by meanness, corrupted by lies. Aye, by the same token, all are subject to the allurements of love, all understand the smile of a babe and the tears of a woman, all have felt more or less the benedictions of the sunshine, the mystic charm of the moonlight and the winsome beckoning of the stars. Because this little under-sized, fresh colored dumpling of a Dutch bachelor refreshed his innermost life at these sources, he has become the universal pastor of simple and wise alike through these intervening seven hundred years, and the book is as full of vitality now as when it first was written.

The real title of the book, "Musica Ecclesiastica," or "Church Music," has been rediscovered within the last half century by a German scholar, as well as the fact that it was originally written in meter and designed for liturgical purposes. "Little Tommy," as he was called in the convent, was a favorite voice in the choir, and it was noted that when he sang the Psalms he stood on tiptoes and turned his eyes heavenward. Certain mystic characters along the margin of a recently discovered original copy have been interpreted by this German critic as musical notations, similar in use to our own musical notes, indicating how the lines were to be read, chanted or sung. We only discover the power of this book when we recognize it as a hymn and prayer book,—and in the last analysis all hymns ought to be prayers and the noblest prayers ought to be hymns. The secret, then, of the power of this book lies in the fact that it appeals to the element of worship in the soul.

"Man is by nature a worshiper," says Henry Ward Beecher, as quoted in a little book compiled by the lamented W. T. Stead, a collection of "Hymns That Have Helped," in itself a revelation of universality, and further:

> There is almost no heresy in the hymn book. In hymns and psalms we have a universal ritual. It is the theology of the heart that unites men. Our very childhood is embalmed in sacred tunes and hymns. Our early lives and the lives of our parents hang in the atmosphere of sacred song. The art of singing together is one that is forever winding invisible threads about persons.

There is a holy silence, which this holy monk doubtless often enjoyed, but there is a holier speech, which, if it can be attained, provides a fitting house in which our dreams and our hopes find shelter and "bide a wee" with us.

I remember that the heartsick Prince said bitterly, "Words, words, words!" as he turned away from all attempts at speech. But another, quite as wise, said, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in network of silver." Words represent the last climb in evolution. And when the creature rose to the control of this speech organ and began to enunciate words, he left behind him forever the realm of the brute and related himself permanently with whatever there is of life we call divine. In speech we cease to be animal. In speech we begin to be angel. The exclamations of the human heart often represent a religious impulse too profound to be analyzed. The universals of religion are deeper than our creeds, more profound than our politics, more fundamental than our race prejudices or preferences. They run through all languages and are at home under all flags.

I think of another little book, indirectly the child of the Parliament of Religion, held in Chicago in 1893. This book was compiled by an Espiscopal rector, a Jewish rabbi and an Unitarian minister, two of

whom have already passed into the silence. These men of diverse professions and widely varying creeds said, we will glean the fields of the spiritual life and we will accept nothing but that which appeals alike to each of us, nothing but what a Jewish rabbi, a Unitarian minister and an Episcopal rector might freely use, saying, "It is my thought and appeals to my heart." With this purpose in mind they searched the ancient scriptures of all the faiths, they studied the prayers of all the ages, they compiled a little handful of hymns from all professions, and the result is a book which is international, cosmopolitan, universal.

So in a smaller and less consistent way is this collection of "Hymns that Have Helped", made by William T. Stead, with an added touch of universalism, for where the words of these hymns might offend they are wedded to tunes that strike into the universal heart. The accents and inflections are universal, in spite of the dogmatic or theological implications of the words, and the hymn survives by the power of the tune. The hymn that a few years ago received the greatest number of votes, over three thousand out of some thirty-five hundred voters, was such a hymn, "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me." The words of the lines dip so deep into a bloody theology that they are a rebuff to the rational mind, but the melody strikes so deep that we who recoil from it theologically are moved to join in the song. This hymn was written for dogmatic purposes, for the theological refutation of the heresy of John Wesley. But the words found such effective tone interpretation that it has defeated the end of the writer, and served a purpose quite the opposite from that which was meant.

So I like to think of this little book by Thomas à Kempis as a pathfinder into internationalism, because when we strike the devout interpretations of religion we find ourselves in universalities.

Theodore Parker's great discourse on religion which forty or fifty years ago enabled so many of us to plant our feet on solid ground when creeds were reeling and interpretations doubtful, was based on the discovery and the demonstration that through all faiths run at least three golden threads: First, the confessed loyalty, the standing at the post of duty, the instinct that drives us to do the thing we do not want to do, espouse the good that hurts; second, that which led the greatest philosopher of modern times to say, "Two things appeal to my reverence supremely, the starry heavens above and the sense of ought within"; and lastly, the yearning for immortality, the thought of the endless life. These fundamental yearnings, so frequently enforced by the learned Theodore Parker, find their illustration and manifestation in this precious little book miscalled "Imitation of Christ," a name taken from the first sentence in the book when no other name presented itself. So, like other great things, it has outlived its tag, it has survived its title, has outworn its covers, but the book has staid with us and is more alive now than ever before.

This is why, if I may be personal, I have given away several hundred of these books, placing them in the parents' hands when they offer their children for the christening of this church. I have given them because they represent my hope of what the children are to grow to. The deeper the little child goes in sorrow and the higher it rises into the ideals of life, the more at home will it be in the companionship of this great little book of the spiritual life.

The family name, Hammerlein, or Hammerkin, is almost lost. When the lad presented himself at school he was registered as "Tommy from Kempen," and when the name is rendered into Latin it becomes Thomas à Kempis. His real name has disappeared, but the son has preserved the memory of the cobbler-father and the dame school ma'am, the humblest of teachers. In quaint Latin this loving son describes his mother as "an attentive custodian of domestic things, who worked with alacrity, was sober in her diet, abstemious in her drink, careful of her words and modest in behavior."

Here is a program for the "new woman" to live up to. Here is an ideal for the members of your "women's clubs" to test themselves by. How far do the culture and training of our day go towards making effective "custodians of domestic things," teaching women to "work with alacrity," to be sober in diet, abstemious in drink," "careful of their words and modest in behavior"?

This is the text which the son phrased and the mother practiced. It is a contribution to domestic culture and to the sincere life. Later in life he wrote:

> I have sought everywhere for peace, but I have found it not save in a little nook and in a little book.

This is another prescription for the restless, nerve racked neurotic man or woman of today, who must seek a vacation, a "rest cure," banishment from home, elegant confinement, the care of costly experts. How easy it would be to save money and to stay at home if we could only take the prescription of the spirit and follow the leadings of Thomas à Kempis, which he stated and which the mother practiced. Let me read it again:

> I have sought everywhere for peace, but I have found it not save in a little nook and in a little book.

When we think of this Lenten appeal that would lift us into universality, that would give us calm in the face of the present frenzy of national anxiety, this lamentable lapse into a faith in brawn and a belief in the supremacy of muscle, the gospel of might, enforced by powder and steel, let us think of this little man of the cloister and his triumphs.

Let us place him with his peers. Thomas à Kempis was seventy-two years old when Savonarola was born, he was contemporary with Christopher Columbus and Michael Angelo, and his words survive alongside of the triumphs of Angelo's chisel and brush, and will doubtless outlive them. This little book found a place in the mariner's cabin in all the voyages that followed Columbus's westward travels.

à Kempis blazed the way on the "Road of Worship" into the fraternity we plead for, as Benedict before him blazed the way on the "Road of Work," Francis on the "Road of Service," and Michael Angelo on the "Road of Beauty." And next Sunday I shall try to show how Thomas More, another humble soul of a period very near to this, went cheerfully to his beheading, paving the way into the Internationalism of Law and Order. And in all of this we are realizing with Tennyson that

> More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
> Rise like a fountain for me day and night:
> For what are men better than sheep or goats,

That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend.
For so the whole round earth is everywhere
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

George Eliot, a rationalist of the rationalists, the early interpreter of Herbert Spencer, the translator of Strauss' Life of Jesus, the most radical book on the subject which had then been written, awakens her heroine, Maggie Tulliver, to a new life and gives her a new hold on beauty and the heart-life through the ministrations of this son of a cobbler, the words of little "Tommy" Hammerlein as recorded in this "faded old book on the margin of which a hand long since reduced to ashes had marked congenial passages, and, as she read, a voice out of the far middle ages came to her with this unquestioned message:

Know that the love of thyself doth hurt thee more than anything in the world . . .
Blessed are those ears which hearken not unto the voice that soundeth outwardly but unto the truth which toucheth inwardly.

So all the way from the peasant mother to the philosopher and the writers, George Eliot, Immanuel Kant, Theodore Parker and all the blessed seekers after peace and truth, we find cheery testimony to the ultimate authority of the inner life, the life of simplicity and sincerity.

I have been reading this week a book by our friend and neighbor, my long-time comrade in many ways, Professor Edwin H. Lewis of Lewis Institute. He has ventured on his first novel in his forty-eighth year and the scene is cast over on Halsted Street. Mr. Lewis might himself well be considered a "Doctor Trench," for he keeps open a hospitable home to which representatives of all faiths are welcome. His hero is a man tutored by science, ruled by the mighty potencies of facts, believing that he must interpret life in terms of chemical action; but even on that minimum of faith he lives a life of gentle service and tender helpfulness. He is a "Doctor Sachs" in fiction, a man who gives himself to medical research and to the application of medicine on the tenderest lines to the help of the helpless. The pressure of emotion at times of great relief, not for himself but for others, compelled him to exclaim unwittingly, "Thank God!" And under ominous pressure, when friends are fearfully menaced, he cries out, "God help them!" With the next breath he corrects himself and says, "I say it because I must say something. I exclaim because exclamations are necessary." There is a gracious lady in the story who sets herself to the task of correcting the philosophy of Doctor Trench and persuading him that there is more in life than the attraction of atoms. In order to carry out this purpose she applies herself to study in the University of Chicago and threatens challenging him to a debate in which she will disprove his theory. It may be a confession of weakness on the part of the author which leads him to give the victory to the lady through other powers than that of logic. I am sorry the disputed point was not fought out, because I believe it is possible to answer the Doctor's arguments with the cold conclusions of exact science. I believe that if you would reckon with all the facts of life you must take account of the expansive soul of Doctor Trench, who, when he saw his dear friends menaced was compelled to cry, "God help them." That cry is as much a fact as the delicate sensibility of his finger-tips which enabled him to save the life of the child. When you are cataloguing the assets of life, the recognition of the pressure comes in and demands a place in the equation as promptly, to say the least, as does the analysis of the juices of the stomach or the secretions of the liver. All the facts of chemistry, philosophy and physics are sacred truths to be reckoned with by the devout soul, but the power that records these facts, that measures and compiles and understands them, knows that they are focused in the cry, "God help them," and that they bloom into the song, "Praise God." These are verities also, and with their help we come into brotherhood when other forces fail. Along these lines we come into the internationalism that so disturbs our patriotism, so shames our national conceits, so rebukes our anti-*this* and anti-*that*, so exposes the childishness of the man-hunt through the alkali wastes of Mexico, torturing man and beast, wasting precious coin and more precious life for the sake of shooting a murderer or hanging one man who robbed sixteen men of their lives, as if those sixteen murders could be atoned for by one, or one hundred, or one thousand other murders.

It is not fashionable to mix politics with religion. It seems in these days that some ministers are expert in keeping them apart, but I venture the opinion that there is nothing more needed in the councils of our President's cabinet today than a little more intercourse with this little book by Thomas à Kempis. It should hold an equal place with the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. It, or the principles for which it stands, must enter into the final enactments of Parliaments and Congresses. Until it does, the gory pictures of the fourteenth century, the merciless wars "for Christ's sake" will continue, and the map of Europe will remain a shifting, uncertain thing.

Help us to rest in Thee, O Thou infinite power, to find our strength in Thee, Thou Eternal One, to find our lives in Thee, the Universal Love. Amen.

THE SCENE.

Soon the catkin's velvet tassels will be blowing,
Soon the brimming brooks will call and shout;
And the green grass will be growing, growing,
And the crocus buds will all look out;

Soon the eager birds will come, with trill and whistle,
Little wings a-whirring through the air,
Fetching wisp of hay, or down of thistle,
Such as last year's harvest had to spare.

Soon anemonies will show their startled faces,
Violets will be pushing toward the light,
Soon the leaves will steal into their places,
And the fairy frost will take its flight.

Soon the dear earth will be set in all her order,
Evening heavens bloom with tender spheres,
Summer will come blushing o'er the border—
Swift and meet her, Love and Joy and Tears!

—*Mary Newmarch Prescott.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the Centuries from Paul to Luther

Being the Sixth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

X.

Gregory I.—540(?)-604.

The Rise of the Papacy and the Civil Power of the Church

Miss Martha Damier, Leader

"Our senses touch with light and fire;
Our hearts with charity inspire."
—Gregory.

The history of papacy may be said to have begun when Leo the Great was elected Bishop of Rome in 440, the term "Pope" not being restricted to the Bishop of Rome until the sixth century. Leo was ambitious and used his influence in bringing the Emperor of the Western Church, Valentian III, to issue an edict in 445 decreeing the Bishop of Rome supreme in power by reason of the Petrine supremacy and the majesty of Rome. Six years later the Council at Chalcedon raised Constantinople to an ecclesiastical equality with Rome, making the bishops of both cities superior to the other prelates. The Roman church never accepted this decree and gradually fell away from the Eastern or Greek church. This freedom from Greek influence, together with the absence of the Emperor, naturally resulted in a more powerful church. And such men as Leo the Great and Gregory were largely instrumental in the evolution of the church towards supremacy.

The claim of the Bishop of Rome to be the divinely ordained head of the Christian Church rests upon three assumptions: (1) That Peter was designated chief of the apostles by Jesus Christ; (2) That he was the first Bishop of Rome; and (3) that he handed down his power to succeeding bishops. The tradition of the Catholic Church is that after the death of Jesus Peter went on a missionary journey clear to Rome, there laid the foundation of the Christian Church and then became its martyr. His bones were supposed to have been buried under the church that he established, which church has been in existence from that time to this, taking on glory and power, and is now the great St. Peters Cathedral in Rome, the most elaborate, though by no means the noblest or most impressive, structure of ecclesiastical Christianity.

The church was the one institution that survived the wreck of Roman civilization, and its survival may well be credited to the Popes. One historian states that it would be hard to imagine what would have been the confusion, lawlessness and chaotic state of the Middle Ages without the mediaeval papacy.

Gregory, in Catholic teaching, is in the line of Peter, but the Episcopal Church contends that the Archbishop of Canterbury is Peter's real successor. Looked at simply from the standpoint of history Gregory becomes very interesting. The son of a wealthy Roman Senator, at the age of thirty he held an important state office. Later, fearing the seductions of wealth and position, he entered a monastery and used the fortune his father left him in establishing monasteries of the Benedictine Order, even converting his home into one. His health failed him because of the severe discipline and deprivation to which he subjected himself, but fortunately he was sent to Constantinople to represent Roman interests. There he showed unusual executive ability, and when, in 590, Pope Pelagius died, Gregory was elected to succeed him, the first of the Popes to be elected by the civic as well as church forces, thus holding temporal power.

Soon after Gregory assumed office it is said he arranged a solemn procession, as was the custom of mediaeval rulers, in order to check a plague that was raging in Rome, and when the archangel Michael was seen sheathing his sword over Hadrian's tomb, it was taken as a sign from Heaven that the wrath of the Lord had been turned away. This gave to Hadrian's tomb the name of the "Castle of the Angels," and later it was used as the chief fortress of the Popes.

Gregory's writings, while held in high esteem at that time, are evidence of the decline of learning after the time of Augustine, Jerome and Ambrose, with whom Gregory is classed as one of the four great Latin Fathers. His most popular book was the "Dialogues," of which Robinson says it was hard to believe it was written by the greatest man of the times and for adults. The same writer tells us that in Gregory's commentary on Job, he warns the reader not to be surprised at finding mistakes in grammar, since in dealing with so high a theme a writer should not stop to make sure whether his cases and tenses are right. Although his writings have provoked ridicule they show remarkable insight into human nature and motives, and we must remember that he made no pretense of being a scholar.

Ambrose had encouraged the singing of hymns in the church. Gregory discontinued the ballad singing and instituted the chanted service. Much has been said of the development of the Gregorian Chant, which is designated by a certain arrangement of chords and the intonation of the Catholic rubric today is probably essentially the same as that established by Gregory. It is thought probable that some ancient Jewish chants were transferred to the ritual of the Christian church, likely the work of Gregory.

Up to this time there had been a prejudice, inherited from the Jews, against visual objects in worship; but Gregory believed in the decorative features of religion, believed the picture to be the poor man's book, and we are indebted to him for much of the splendid art of the Renaissance.

Gregory was a statesman and in constant touch with the Powers outside of Italy. He succeeded in keeping the Lombards or "Longbeards" out of Central Italy, whom he afterwards converted to Christianity. He doubtless profited by the conversion of the Franks, Visigoths and Angles to the Roman Church, and the missionary work he undertook is considered by some historians as his greatest work. We know of his

interest in the Angles, or "Angels," as he called them, and of his subsequently sending Augustine or Austin as missionary to England, and that later in the seventh century Boniface continued this missionary work by going into France and Italy.

The Monastery of St. Augustine at Canterbury was probably the first Benedictine monastery established outside of Italy. Terry, in his history of England, contends that Bertha, the Christian wife of King Ethelbert, was as influential in getting the missionaries of the Roman Church to England as Gregory was. It is a fact that through her they were offered special protection and that Eethelbert was influenced to listen to them. Gregory was determined that these isolated Christians should become a part of the Roman Church. He met with opposition, the friction lasting for two generations. In 664, at an assembly at Whitby, through the influence of the King of Northumbria, the Roman Church won and England came under the control of the Roman Church, remaining so until the time of Henry VIII.

Gregory, in his remarkable career, put special emphasis on the use of music and the art of painting in church worship; he organized charity, freed his own slaves and preached against the awfulness of slavery. When he found the common people were being cheated he instituted an exact system of weights and measures. Most important of all, he made religion more lovable and moral, organized Christianity so that it became imperious, formulated the new regime which lasted unchallenged until the time of Luther and which still sways the major part of the Christian world.

QUESTIONS.

(1) When and by whom was Rome made supreme in power in the church?
(2) What was the foundation to this claim?
(3) Who was Gregory?
(4) In what line of social service was he far in advance of his time?
(5) What does the church owe to him?

THE WATER LILY'S STORY.

When first I woke to life,
Deep down in the river's bed,
I could not breathe for the drifting ooze
And the blackness overhead.
In darkness I longed for the light,
Prisoned I longed to be free,
In dreams I pined for the sky and the wind,
For star and bird and tree;
And I said, "I will rise to that upper air
And the life that draweth me."

The twining weeds of the water-world
Reached out and held me fast;
The little reeds wove a tangled net
To catch me as I passed;
The creeping things of mire and mud
Beckoned and bade me stay;
In the treacherous current, swift and strong,
I felt my weak stem sway;
But through them, o'er them, past them all
I took my upward way.

Till, brimmed with the sunshine
And steeped in the light,
I lifted my fragrant cup,
Bloom of the daytime and star of the night:
In rapture I gazed at the heavens blue
And knew that all my dreams were true;
And pure and fair my white leaves bear
Never a trace of slime or mold,
And the crawling things of the under-world
Have left no taint on my heart of gold.

In peace I rest on the river's breast,
And living I love, and loving I live;
And, breathing deep of the upper air,
My life to the world in sweetness give.

—*Annie Johnson Flint.*

THE BOOKLOVER

The Gospel of Good Will

Not so long ago there appeared in the London *Spectator* an article by a man who signed himself "A Student in Arms," written from the trenches in Flanders. It had to do with the work of the chaplains among the English soldiers, and describes so well the vast gulf which yawns between the average preacher and the men to whom he speaks, that it may well serve as a text for meditation. He says that the trouble is that the soldier does not in the least connect the things he really believes in with Christianity. He believes that Christianity consists in believing the Bible and setting up to be better than your neighbors. By believing in the Bible he means believing that Jonah was swallowed by the whale. Then he adds these words, with which all of us agree:

> This is surely nothing short of tragedy. Here were men who believed absolutely in the Christian virtues of unselfishness, generosity, charity and humility, without ever connecting them in their minds with Christ; and at the same time that they did associate with Christianity a formalism and smug self-righteousness which Christ spent His whole life in trying to destroy. The chaplains as a rule failed to realize this. They remonstrated with their hearers for not saying their prayers, and not coming to Communion, and not being afraid to die without making their peace with God. They did not grasp that the men really had deep-seated beliefs in goodness, and that the only reason why they did not pray and go to Communion was that they never connected the goodness in which they believed with the God in whom the chaplains said they ought to believe. If they had connected Christianity with unselfishness and the rest, they would have been prepared to look to Christ as their Master and their Savior.

One is reminded of those two great sayings of Tertullian: First, that "the human soul is naturally Christian;" and, second, that "no man can understand Christianity and reject it." Surely, then, the fault of the chaplains was that they taught Christianity as a thing remote, if not alien, from life, as if it consisted in dogmas and rites; that is to say, as a thing unreal, if not artificial. Those English soldiers, each one ready to pay the last full measure of devotion for his native land—ready to die that other men might live, if so that liberty, justice and mercy might not perish from the earth—were made to feel that the lofty, sacrificial Christ was a figure far off, hidden in a cloud of creeds and forms. Tragedy? It was worse than tragedy—it was a blunder the like of which ought never to happen in the annals of the church!

Therefore, in protest against a distant, abstract Christianity, and as an effort to bridge the gulf between the pulpit and those to whom it ought to speak, President Hyde has written his brilliant and vivid little book, "The Gospel of Good Will as Revealed in Contemporary Scriptures." (Macmillan Co.) He is seeking to do what all the great preachers have done, from Robertson to Swing, for it was by this method that those masters of the pulpit reached the hearts of man and made the realities of faith real and vivid. For this purpose the lectures—for such they are, having been delivered at Yale University—

are admirably planned, making use equally of a sagacious strategy and a most attractive literary style. There may be differences of opinion as to the passages of modern Scripture selected—and they range from Masefield to Riis, from Kennedy to Churchill—as well as regards some of the expositions offered; but the spirit and intent of the lectures will appeal strongly to men of all shades of faith.

For the essence of Christianity is here summed up in the Gospel of Good Will, so much needed upon the earth now and always—good will toward God and man. Such a spirit of good will involves, not merely once for all in Jesus, but perpetually in all who would be his disciples, the sacrifice of whatever individual preference, pleasure or profit is inconsistent with it. By the same token the function of the preacher is to develop in his people the habit of asking in every relationship of life, not what is profitable, or pleasurable, or respectable, nor even lawful—but what does Good Will require in this specific instance? So, and naturally so, the church becomes a center for the cultivation of Good Will, inclusive, not exclusive, in its sympathies and interests—a union of those who love in the service of those who need.

Truly, this puts the whole matter in a most captivating manner, and prepares the reader for the study of sin as the meanness which falls short of Good Will, and of repentance as the return to Good Will after the hard way of selfishness. It brings the realities of faith down from the gray sky of the abstract and shows them to us in a new guise as they stand in the service of life as we know it. The lectures are examples of what such preaching may be both as to method and appeal, and to this end they are worthy of a wide reading by pulpit and pew.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

Sullen Guests

Two types of men and women, among the many who make up our world, deserve a little attention for their own sakes, and the sake of the rest of us. These are the folk who decline to enjoy little pleasures, reserving for monumental delights their emotions of gratification, and the folk who seem to think their clear white souls are sullied if they permit themselves any pleasures at all.

There are very few great pleasures. What there are may well be in the main delusive. But there are a host of little joys—fine, dear and happy. Sleep, food, sunshine, cold water, babies' smiles, baseball, Pearl Street at six o'clock, the churches' chimes, bird songs, pay day, harebells, wild roses, snow, green leaves in the spring, the faces of friends, hills, trees, receipted bills, brooks, little rivers, and the sea—it is a broken soul that cannot find somewhere a note in tune with itself. And those who see well enough the reason for enjoyment, but fear to allow themselves to have it, should know that they are morbid and need medicine.

This is the lesson and the precept—to seize upon each simple, wholesome fact that can be construed as gratifying and to mix with its enjoyment a real zest. Add relish and piquancy to whatever in your routine is not wholly distasteful. Sprinkle a little paprika over your common tasks. Try a dash of bitters, or a little lemon peel, in your appreciations. Life is not drab; it is not dull; it is not always grim. The blame is ours. We are logy and stodgy, supersensitive as to our points and prides, mute guests at the feast.—*Exchange.*

The Negro*

Professor Du Bois is most popularly known as a leading race propagandist who has battled unceasingly for many years in the cause of the ex-slave and for justice to our colored fellow citizens. As the editor of *The Crisis* and the most active member of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People he is in a better position to do valiant service for the cause to which he is devoted than he has ever been before.

But Professor Du Bois is also a research student of high degree, attested in works like The Philadelphia Negro and the Atlanta University Studies. His latest work is a study of The Negro, published in the Home University Library by Holt & Co. This small, closely-printed volume is packed full of information, historical and scientific, set forth in the impersonal spirit of the special student. The chapter headings indicate the course of the argument: The Coming of the Black Men, Ethiopia and Egypt, The Niger and Islam, Guinea and the Congo,—African Culture, The Trade in Men, The West Indies and Latin America, The Negro in the United States, The Negro Problems. The book is supplied with an index and a number of maps. In the Preface we are told that "the time has not yet come for a complete history of the Negro peoples of Africa. Archeological research has just begun—and racial prejudice is still too strong—for judicial appraisement of the peoples of Africa." The writer has been able only "to essay such short general statements of the main known facts and their fair interpretation as shall enable the reader to know as men a sixth or more of the human race." He hopes to complete his task in a larger volume at some future time.

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

National Obligation

Hitherto, for the most part, the attitude of the United States towards other countries has been markedly open and frank. We have been so candid that many times we have astonished the nations which pursue a policy of intrigue and deception in international relations. There is little doubt that much of our success in world politics is due to our national straightforwardness.

Because of this are we not hereafter to be sought for the right settlement of international difficulties? For this service we should always be prepared. We ought to sympathize with Sir Thomas More, who wrote that in his "Utopia," if war were threatened, the first move of the countries involved would be "to hang the diplomats." It should be the first duty of diplomats to prevent and to adjust international difficulties. So we should care for no advantage or supremacy which is not earned in the open field of honest international life by the rendering of adequate service.

—*F. M. Bennett.*

From the "Open Way," Youngstown, O.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

ANNUAL CONFIRMATION CLASS ALUMNI BANQUET

Of All Souls Church, Chicago.

Last Friday evening, on May the fifth, the usual average number of about fifty of the Confirmation Class Alumni sat down to their twenty-seventh annual banquet in Emerson Hall, at Lincoln Centre. And an exceptionally good banquet it was, too, wholly arranged by three of the loyal ones, Mary Lackersteen, Ellen Jordan and Edna Bowman.

After the dinner came the following program:

Song of 1890.

President's Address—Robert Hammond.

Report of Secretary-Treasurer—Helen Johnson.

Welcome to Class of 1916—Allen Laird.

Response—Charles Treadwell.

Song.

Original Poems—John Main.

What I Got From College—Dorothy Hyman.

Song—Edith Serven Wulfjen.

If I Were Mayor—{ Warren Lobdell / Cleaver Thayer

Our Friend and Pastor—Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Our Chorus of Faith—Response by Alumni.

Song—The Crowning Day.

Benediction.

The officers chosen for next year are: Helen Johnson, President; Cleaver Thayer, Vice-President; Dorothy Hyman, Secretary-Treasurer.

One of the most pleasing occurrences in the delightful evening was the cheerful willingness with which Mrs. Wulfjen, who was visiting in the city from her ranch in far Montana, filled in with an impromptu song the vacancy in the program caused by the illness of Edith Lobdell, who, with a friend, had promised to give us some songs of her own composing. Mr. Jones' welcome words were of course on peace, and he gave as his parting watchword to his class and to all of us the cry of the little girl, just as the Ford ship was leaving the New York dock, "Don't forget what you're going for." H. M. J.

THE GOSPEL BROUGHT DOWN TO DATE.

It is a good sign when preachers discover and preach about modern prophets. Whatever the boundaries of divine revelation may be, if there are any, they are not the boundaries of time and space. The pews of the Universalist Church of the Redeemer, at Robey Street and Warren Avenue, ought to be well filled during the following course of sermons by their pastor, Rev. F. A. Moore. The people who sit in the pews on these Sundays will hear something not hackneyed, but still familiar notes of the everlasting gospel of life, love and progress:

"SOME GREAT PROPHETS OF LIBERAL RELIGION."

April 30—Thomas Paine.

May 7—Sir John Seeley.

May 14—Brooks, Beecher and Brierley.

May 28—Whittier and Whitman.

June 4—Felix Adler.

June 18—Walter Rauschenbusch.

To know these men is a part of a liberal education. To accept their messages is a real inspiration.

THE CONGRESS OF FEAR.

Fear of wild beasts, fear of the forces of nature, fear of unseen forces, these have been the nightmare of the race. Mankind has been engaged in conquering its fears during all these ages, but they have had dominion over the souls of men and women and still have.

Those heroic ones who have fearlessly looked into the face of nature have been considered the enemies of the race. Men feared the gods. They sought to placate them by ceremony and ritual. They have groveled in the dust, not only before the supposed demons of earth, sea and sky, but also before the gods they worshipped. Those that have proclaimed that there are no demons and no gods to be feared have been compelled to meet the violent rage of fear-crazed men. Thousands, yes, millions, of innocent lives have been sacrificed on the altars of fear. The ritual of Christian churches contain symbolic reminders of this age-long curse of the race.

Few walk the earth unafraid. The fear of the hunted beast still is the lot of millions of the race. They cower under lash and threat of despots. We

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have subdued to some extent the forces of nature, and made them do our will. To some small extent we have secured freedom from fear of poverty. Multitudes no longer fear the passion of kings that may plunge a nation into war. We have gained through knowledge and the growth of sympathy a capacity for co-operation which has enabled us to live in a certain peace and security. But we are only at the beginning of this vast undertaking. The day of peace and goodwill, of security and plenty, is yet to dawn for the masses of mankind. We have yet to attain the day when no man shall fear that old age will bring poverty and the almshouse, or that sickness and death shall mean an inheritance of suffering and want for loved ones.

One great task is to remove this cause of fear from the race. Another is to knit together the races of men into so close a bond of fellowship that no one need fear that he will be compelled at the call of an irresponsible autocrat to slay his brother. The fear of kings, and what kings may do, shall be banished from all lands.

But another task awaits us. It is to reveal to men that there is no power on earth or in heaven that can rule the souls of men. It is to make men see that as spiritual beings they can rise triumphant over every circumstance and be master of themselves. "No harm can come to us on ocean or on shore," except such as we inflict on ourselves. Be it joy or pain, man's business is to be superior to it. Be it satisfaction or disappointment, the soul can rise superior to either.

The great message that comes with modern science is that there is no vengeance in any nook or corner of the universe. No spot in which the temple of love may not be erected.

—*Arthur L. Weatherly.*

VIOLETS.

Sorrowful eyes,
Weep ye no more:
Happiness lies
Close at your door.
Dead years are dead,
God makes all new;
Look, where you tread,
Violets blue!

Delicate dreams,
Hints of delight,
Fugitive gleams,
Half out of sight,
Glint through the grass;
Odours and dew
Breathe where you pass—
Violets blue!

When least you think,
E'en then your feet
Stand on the brink
Of days most sweet:
When most you mourn,
Comforters true
Round you are born—
Violets blue!

—*May Byron.*

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For further particulars, address the Secretary, Mrs. Susan Quackenbush, Portage, Wis., or the Director, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 700 Oakwood boulevard, Chicago, until July 1st; after that date, Tower Hill, Wis., Railroad Station, express and telegraph office, Spring Green, Wis.

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